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Leslie's



The Conversion of Lunde
by Prince Wilhelm of Sweden
"Learn Me to Ride," Says I
by Florence M. Peto

Six Hours a Day *by* Tom S. Elrod ~ With Intent to Sell *by* Emilie Loring

2762

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THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES



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THE CONVERSION of LUNDE

By PRINCE WILHELM of SWEDEN

Translated from the Swedish by Edwin Bjorkman

Illustrations by HAROLD ANDERSON



LUNDE'S hard-bottomed office-chair stood near the little window that gave a view of the harbor. On the ink-stained desk in front of him were scattered piles of documents, bills and unanswered business letters. Beyond these rose an imposing array of reference books in multicolored bindings. Closer scrutiny showed the majority of the let-

ters to be dated from some country in central Europe; the backs of most of the books suggested a similar origin. The firm was, beyond doubt, oriented toward the Central Powers.

Viewing matters from his position as a modest employee, Lunde thought it quite a distinction that the firm had been placed on the black list of the Western Powers. And so long as the business went well, there was nothing more to say about the matter. All the shipments being confined within the Baltic, the German blockade of the Sound furnished security. In addition, Swedish men-of-war exercised a sharp control within the sacred three-mile limit. Thus things were quite satisfactory, and the assets of the firm grew in proportion to its contempt for the demands of strict neutrality in the commercial field.

It was perhaps not surprising that the blond head of Lunde showed an unmistakable leaning toward the side whence so much gold flowed directly into the coffers of the firm and indirectly into his own pockets, and which, he felt sure, would finally be victorious.

The little city was located along the main route between the two countries which had maintained almost daily communication by ferry ever since the World War had begun. Seated at his office window, Lunde every morning saw the white hulk of *The King* or *The Queen* glide out the ferry slip, after having swallowed two long lines of heavily loaded freight cars. His thoughts frequently followed the ferry across the sea and wandered off into a country full of trenches and barbed-wire entanglements, where gray-clad figures in heavy steel helmets looked straight into the eye of death.

Lunde, you see, was a war enthusiast. Whenever a

NO one should be surprised when a Prince turns to authorship in these leveling times, yet everybody is. We still visualize princes as bounty-bestowers upon deserving poets, and think of the pension and the tun of wine yearly which Chaucer's "To My Empty Purse" won him from his royal patron, Edward. A short story—a big, thought-compelling story—by a real prince should, therefore, prove of unusual interest to readers of LESLIE'S.

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, who wrote "The Conversion of Lunde," is the younger son of King Gustav V. Officially titled the Duke of Södermanland, Wilhelm is known as "the Sailor Prince" in a land which recognizes a sailor when it sees one. He was born in 1884, and in 1908 married Archduchess Maria Pavlona of Russia. Wilhelm's first work was a volume of Oriental sketches, "The Old Pine Tree," published in 1919, was his first venture in the field of fiction. His stories have a breadth of view unusual in one reared in the shadow of a throne.

chance offered, he would preach to open-eared friends and acquaintances about the necessity of war as a stimulating and purifying factor in the world's development. He never tired of dwelling on its many bright sides: the surpassing intoxication of victory, the sacrificial heroism of the victors, the joy of shedding one's blood for one's country. Clandestinely he had, from time to time, contributed fairly well-written articles on this subject to the little city's conservative weekly. Of course, they had been signed only with his initials, "L—e." They had attracted attention nevertheless. Like all other communities this one was divided into two opposing camps and every new article from Lunde was bound to draw forth a virulent attack from the champions of the other side in the competing radical organ. Among the like-minded, Lunde came to be regarded as a sort of martyr. No one held this view more strongly than did the owner of a little delicatessen store on North Harbor Street, Mrs. Beata Grimlund, who, in addition to her pickle-scented shop, also ran a minor hashery where Lunde used to take his meals. She looked upon him as a genius, far too great to waste his energy at an ordinary office desk. Frequently she would join him in the dark corner where he

was consuming his modest meal, put her plump arms on the table, and say:

"Listen, Agapetus—why don't you do something worth while? There you sit grinding at business all day. Chuck it, I say, and write a book about the war and what you think of it. Then we who are for it could have something to go by."

Of course, such talk could not fail but impress Lunde, who appreciated Mrs. Grimlund's cooking sufficiently to realize the wisdom of keeping on good terms with her. He would invariably reply, in which, however, one might have caught a certain note of diffident humility:

"By and by, Mrs. Grimlund, when I have collected all the material I need. In the meantime we shall have to be satisfied with a little newspaper article now and then."

In time, reading Sven Hedin and other valiant tomes, Lunde became more and more determined to produce an exhaustive treatise on "The Blessings of War." To be sure, he had never studied his subject at close range; he had never heard the whistling of a shell fragment or the hard tack-tack-tack of a machine-gun. But what difference did that make? He felt sure of his ability to write about war anyhow, particularly as he wished to etch its individual horrors into a mere shadowy background in order better to reflect the shining glory of victory-crowned standards.

One evening—the evening with which we are now concerned—he had finished his office duties for the day; nevertheless he remained seated at his desk, with his head supported by his freckled hand. And as he sat there, a new theme began to weave itself into the pattern of his thinking. At first, he could not at all make out what it was. It had come to him early that morning, when, faithful to his habit, he had visited the harbor to watch the landing of another contingent of war invalids. He had often been on hand to greet these ghastly groups. For, after all, they brought a sort of contact with the great war—probably the only one Agapetus Lunde would ever have with its sordid actualities. Instead of depressing him, however, those poor chaps as a rule exercised a directly opposite influence. In those pitiful fragments of wreckage he saw nothing but laureled heroes returning from their well-fulfilled duties on sanguinary battlefields—liberators, who when they reached home at last, would be greeted by jubilant crowds, and

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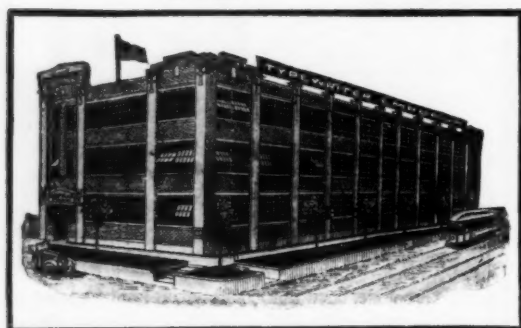
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"The back of the horse what hardly never throws nobody had rose up and butted Mrs. Dean somewhere in her middle section—I ain't no anatomist—with such force that I'm in time as I dash past to see her soaring aloft toward the blue vault of heaven."

"Learn Me to Ride," Says I

The Story of a Movie Star Told in Pure Americanese, Three Thrills and an Emotional Fade-Out

By FLORENCE M. PETO

Illustrated by TONY SARG

WHEN friend husband says I can accept old Al's offer and go back to my career if I want to, I certainly was glad. Did I want to? I'll tell the world I did. After two or three years of housekeeping, with nothing to do but jazz up a few meals for the King Charles and Bob, I near went bugs. If it hadn't of been for my husband, which somehow still looks good to me, even if he sports a Van Dyke and is all sorts of a swell, and me married to him three years, I'd never of stood it.

"Patricia," he says, kidding me, "I've done my darndest to make a lady and a bridge-player of you," he says, "but it's no use; go back to the studio; everyone has a right to work. Without it, they get into mischief; I'll try not to get nasty if folks say it's because I cannot support you."

Which would of been a joke, for Robert is a big manufacturer and you just ought to have saw his income tax this year! I will also have to pay one of my own if I land this contract, which will be mine on condition I ain't lost none of the old pep and the picture we're working on now turns out good. Before marriage I was Al Sternberg's leading temperamental vamp on account of red hair and eyes which film black, not to mention a snappy style.

"In the third reel of 'She Whoops to Conquer' you got nothing to do but dash to safety and the border," Al explains to me one afternoon while we was going over the business of the new picture in his private office. "This here is a little different from your other work—no drawing-room stuff here. It's all outa doors. Can you ride?" he demands sudden.

"What?" I inquires.

"Horse! Horse!" he hollers, just like that Richard guy that once wanted a horse so bad in his business.

"N-no," I says, kissing my job good-by. "Writhing

over a tiger-skin has been much more in my line. You used to always want writhes—"

"They're outa date. You gotta learn to ride; I'll give you a coupla weeks, but you gotta hurry. Begin now! I can't wait forever; I'm a business man." He shoves me out. That night at the dinner-table I tells Bob my troubles, that being my wifely custom.

"Aren't afraid of it, are you Pat?" he asks grinning. "Gawd knows there ain't nothing in this here world I'm afraid of," I replies cold. "Nothing, that is, except a horse." Bob laughs and soothes me with that nice voice of his'n. "You know you don't have to do this thing, old girl, if you don't want to—"

Which was how I come to do it. I calls up the Best Riding School the very next morning and makes a appointment. The manager listens while I explain the situation. "Learn me to ride," says I, "money no object and so forth." He promises.

The rest of the day and a young fortune gets spent grabbing the make-up for this here first act, for while I'm learning, there is still no reason why I should look like a clown. They must have saw me coming, though.

Next morning I was up and dressed in my riding togs not later than four or five hours after the crack of dawn.

"You look like a million dollars, Pat," says Bob at the breakfast-table. "I wish I had time to teach you myself. Don't get scared; all you have to do is sit tight and trust to equine sagacity. Good-by, hon."

At the school, the manager introduces me to my instructor—a Mr. Bach—premier riding-master, whatever that is. He bows a formal, stiff little howd'do and announces that we'd begin, and that my clothes was all right, though I'm sure nobody'd asked him.

"Gawd knows they'd ought to be—" I wails, thinking back, while he takes me by the arm and leads me into a

arena like I was a early Christian martyr. The animals was already there as so was another premier instructor with his victim, a big, whopping jane which he introduces to me. Name's Dean and we give each other's breeches and boots and neck gear the double, while we murmurs the charmed-and-so-forth. I'm glad to hear She's a beginner, too. "The horse," begins Bach, clearing his throat like a school-master and slapping the animal what was nearest to us just to show non-fear, "is divided into three parts."

"Like all Gaul," I butts in, proud of the education Mom seen to it I partly got.

"Please do not interrupt and you haf to pay attention!" his voice went on irritated. He then talks for half a hour while my feet gets colder from standing on the damp ground, and I wonders when the heck we commences and I worries considerable over the time we are losing as why shouldn't I—Al being what he is? "Now!" barks Bach so sudden I jumps on account of having forgot him entire. "Face horse. Take snaffle rein in the left arm—"

"Which is the snaffle rein?" I asks. Don't it look like the harmless question? Would you think a man would lose control over hisself on account of it? Neither would I but, right there, I learns Bach is a Prussian with a dash of Turk and a ex-drill sergeant suffering from chronic indigestion with inherited homicidal tendencies. I never knows anybody what takes my money to talk to me like that before, except Al during a scene, and he pays me money instead, which is different—much different.

I soothes the savage beast by apologizing in five different appealing poses, every one of them a winner, so he consents to go over it again and, this time, I listen, believe me.

We walks around the tanbark a coupla hundred times after mounting, which, as taught here, is much more difficult than merely getting up on a horse. While I'm trying to make up my mind to the merry-go-round act so's to get us used to the horses, or so's to get the horses used to us, I catch a slant at Mrs. Dean's face; she looks like she's at the painless dentist's and it's her turn next.

Suddenly Bach yells to the horse, "Trot, Rosclip!"

And Rosclip trots. I don't know what I done except shut my mouth too soon and thereby nips a neat piece off the end of my tongue which must've been in the way.

"Learning to post," the instructor says I was, which same consists of going up and coming down with varying degrees of luck—most of it bad. I guess I ain't a-going to be able to sit down again the rest of my life, and our apartment ain't got no mantelpiece.

Well, owing to having to learn to ride in such a short time, I keeps at this thing every single day, sometimes all day, after which I staggers home and lays myself away to bed.

One day I meets up with Mrs. Dean under the shower in the dressing-rooms after we both has suffered a remarkable day.

"Dearie," she says, eying my straight lines wondering, "I'm doing this to reduce; I weigh 185 pounds, but why should you ride so hard every day? There will be nothing left of you!"

"I'm doing it to keep the wolf from the door," I explains, and of course she don't believe me but keeps right on talking:

"I was going to take up Spanish this winter but I said to myself 'Clarissa,' I said, 'one will improve your mind but the other will improve your figure' and between the two no real woman ever hesitates, do you think so, dearie?"

I didn't and gurgles so between splashes.

"Wait till I tell you!" She seems to be thinking and then suddenly busts out: "Henry wouldn't give me the money to ride. He said, 'What! Take lessons to ride horseback? You're crazy! Get up and ride; that's all you have to do. Nothing to it! Why spend money for that?' It isn't that he's a tight-wad, but—"

"I know," I says. "Men are like that. Nobody knows why. They are always willing to spend their money on things they want you to have but you, mustn't have no ideas of your own."

"You said it!" she agrees, and I notices the glassware flashing in her ears when she shakes her head—it's all she has on while confiding to me her marital troubles—and between the rocks and the baby-blue limousine she drives, I guess her husband must be a laborer or a capitalist at the least.

The next day was the limit.

"I'm awful stiff and sore and tired; I think it ain't agreeing to agree with me," I says to Mr. Bach, thinking maybe I can kid him into having a heart.

"Tired, are you?" He lets out a villain's laugh and looks around to a attendant. "Saddle and bring Matador," he calls grim.

The attendant brang him; I don't know how many bones a horse has got, but honest, that day Matador would have ran a shad a close second the way it feels to me. It was like they all sticks through the saddle. I'm no sooner up than I registers one of my sure-hit, close-up smiles, "Let's go slow today Mr. Bach for the love of—"

"Trot, Matador!"

Never did a smile do less for me. Also, I never give no thought before to what luck it is a horse has got a neck. I know now it was put there for just such dubs as us to cling to in our minute of extremity. I know because it happens to me—happens right then. I think Matador must've lamped a cat or something and not liking cats he shies off-stage and—well, owing to the smart flatness of them English saddles we uses, there ain't nothing to grab but the horse's neck, which I done.

Bach asks me passionate what I'm riding like a beginner for and I retorts because I *am* one, which I considers then and still do that it shows I can be cheerful and bright no matter what happens. Did he laugh? He did not. He give me a terrible glance, leaves me flat and rides inside somewhere—to cut his throat maybe. It would have been a pleasant surprise for all and no misfortune to none if he had of done it, but he gets cold feet and comes riding out again.

I jump nervous when the lesson begins again and Bach roars out from behind somewhere, "Keep your heels down! Right flank!"

By this time I don't know my right flank from my left eye but the canny Matador still has his wits and saves my skin for me by turning right flank. And right there I recalls Bob's, "trust equine sagacity." Ain't animals wonderful?

For the rest of the lesson, therefore, I sits tight and lets Matador do the guessing and believe me I'm feeling like a she-Christopher Columbus. I never makes one mistake and Bach says it's wonderful, which is as near a compliment as I will ever collect from this lovable party.

Next morning, I gets a horse which flashes me a mean eye and waggles his ears when I tries to mount and which, when mounted, if he knows the signals, acts like he don't, and the Christopher Columbus stuff goes blooey.

"You have a good horse there and I want you to keep him collected."

The idea that the horse's legs or arms is going to drop off around the tanbark comes to me, as I think it would of to almost any thinking person. But no. It's technical and means—well, I know what it means but I can't tell it.

Then Mrs. Dean comes riding out on a horse what is stepping like he hears six military bands playing all at once and he better hurry to catch up with all of them. It's a conspiracy, I thinks, as she fox trots up to me.

But Buck don't seem to know nothing about walking nice and quiet like a Christian horse should, and Mrs. Dean is getting sort of scary; she calls out to the plotters in the center of the ring:

"Is—is this horse gentle? He acts sort of—"

"Certainly!" answers her teacher, heated. "We have nothing but gentle horses here; why, that horse hardly ever throws anyone!"

"Today's the day," I groans under my breath.

"Don't you think I am getting thin?" she says wistful. Honest, I do believe that dame has herself kidded into thinking horseback riding is going to turn her into a looking bean. On account of a bad memory anyway, I near always tells the truth, so for the first and only time Bach listens good to me and undoubted saves me a friend when he commands, "Mrs. Van Dyke! Go! Right gallop! Ride him!"

By now we was all riding around like we had a date to meet some one at the pearly gates and I'm needing my handkerchief bad and wondering had I better risk getting it, when I hears a ghastly scream uttered and I knows, the

way us women does, with our uncanny intuition, that something has came to pass.

And I'm right. Something has.

The back of the horse what hardly never throws nobody had rose up and butted Mrs. Dean somewhere in her middle section—I ain't no anatomist—with such force that I'm in time as I dash past, to see her soaring aloft toward the blue vault of Heaven, or maybe it was the brown, spidery one of the Best Riding School.

Few men can gaze on beauty in distress unmoved. But a few *can*. They're riding instructors. When we come around again to where Mrs. Dean has, by now, landed, we see her teacher still sitting calm on his horse; I guess he thought she was dead and it wasn't no use dismounting. Finally she moves and murmurs something.

She's experimenting with her neck, twisting it from side to side; it seems to satisfy her and she commences to semaphore with her arms. The entire result must've gave her courage to face her premier riding master. He was saying, "Well, well, don't do it again; the horses don't like it and it ruins them."

I could see she was going to say something interesting and I darn near falls out of the saddle in order not to miss it.

"I'd hate to ruin a horse, of course," come the beginning of a bitter retort, but just then Bach hollers in my left ear, "Left gallop! Go!" So I couldn't wait to hear no more.

"What's the matter with you women today?" Bach demands, sudden snapping that nasty little whip of his'n.

"How the— Why don't you ask the ouija board?" I comes back. "I ain't no clairvoyant."

Bach tears off a spiel on collection, and such, which he says he has told me many's the time before and which would of been going yet only I cuts in with, "Now see here; you got to make it clearer than that. I got a simple mind but a energetic body and a emotional nature and I don't get that inhand-union-center-of-gravity stuff. Anyway, all I want is to learn to ride so's I'm in line for a \$10,000 contract or at the least hold my job which is getting more intrickit every day. And there's a extra bonus in it for you, so let's get busy, cut the fooling, and just ride."

Well, he opens his mouth and shuts it again like a fish, but nothing comes out. Finally, he chokes, "Maybe you're right—about the simple mind. Let's see what the rest of your abilities will do for you. Ride!"

It was lucky I tells the truth about the energetic body, for he puts me through a test which would of made Paul Revere roar for a osteopath.

"Page a undertaker," I moans as I sinks into the roadster that afternoon when Bob calls for me and he begs me to give it up for the love of him and the King Charles, who both needs me so.

"Never!" I exclaims firm. "My life belongs to my art. And my own money still looks good to me."

You got to hand it to Bach. At the end of the two weeks he has near made a rider out of me.

And they've done wonders for Mrs. Dean too; she hardly never falls no more. And that ain't all. Yesterday afternoon she has had a shower and is standing on the scale when she emits a fierce yell, "Dearie! Come here!"

I got nothing on myself but my shoes and my earrings but I runs to her. As sure's my name's Van Dyke nee Malone, I see she has lost weight.

"Heavens!" I cries. "Ain't exercise the miracle worker!"

"Down to a 184 pounds, dearie! Of course, it isn't much but it shows I am on the right track, doesn't it. If I keep it up—"

"How much have you blown so far, Mrs. Dean, to lose that one pound, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"Ninety dollars, dearie. Don't ever tell on me; Henry would expire. But I'm not sorry—"

(Concluded on page 475)



"Nothing doing," I snaps. "No aeroplanes for mine! My life belongs to my home; and I got a white man working for me. So there's that." And I clumb in beside Bob and motions him to let the old boat go.



"All this doesn't get us anywhere," Mason announced, "and we want a definite answer."
"And that answer, Phil, is a most decisive and emphatic negative. No! That's your answer."

Six Hours a Day

By TOM S. ELROD

Author of "Personal Contact," "Love and a Bank Balance," etc.

Illustrated by HAROLD ANDERSON

WHEN Truman Marshall walked into Centerville on a hot August afternoon, forty-five years ago, the band was not out to meet him. There wasn't much of a band in Centerville in those days.

To be sure there was the old Big Six, that really numbered eight, because the six who counted were the horn players; the snare and bass drummers merely were extras. Yet the Big Six was not even out for the arrival of Truman Marshall, a fifteen-year-old lad, who was finishing a thirty-mile walk from the edge of the neighboring county.

Marshall was equipped that afternoon with two red handkerchiefs made from what old-time merchants used to call Mississippi silk. One of these he used to mop his face and brow, and to clear a little of the dust from his eyes. In the other he carried his belongings; it was not a big bundle. Thus unheralded and unsung, the youth trudged along the old flagstone pavements, pausing to stamp his feet in an effort to dislodge some of the signs of travel. By and by he approached the court-house curbing, took a drink at the public well, and sat down to rest and think about the future.

Centerville was not much of a town in those days. At the court-house hitch-rack several horses were tied. Their tails were kept busy switching off flies. One of them reached over and bit a neighbor on the neck. There was a squeal of pain and a flurry of hoofs. Just in front of Marshall a hog rooted in the gutter and tossed aside some ancient watermelon rinds. People moved about the streets in a languid manner, for the heat was intense and

there was no particular reason for hurry. Yet none of these things interested Marshall. He cared naught for the pigs and chickens, the horses or the people. Getting to his tired feet, rather stiffly, he thrust one hand in a pocket of his home-made blue jeans trousers—he knew them as pants—and brought forth his entire cash capital. It consisted of four dimes. In the red handkerchief that still reposed on the edge of the sidewalk was an extra shirt, and that comprised the personal property of the young man who had so bravely waved farewell to the old farmhouse and had marched thirty weary miles to Centerville—there to find a job and make his fortune.

He was sixty years old now, and the wealthiest man in Centerville, but Truman Marshall still loved to sit back, thrust his spectacles above his eyes until they rested securely on his broad forehead, and tell of how he arrived, with forty cents capital and an extra shirt. From this small beginning he developed a business that grew to be nation-wide. Wagons and buggies, phaetons and hacks all gave way, eventually, to farm machinery, because he saw an opportunity to manufacture a line that was gradually being lost to sight through lack of aggressive policies. He bought the business, erected a new factory, and turned his entire attention to clover-hullers, gang-plows, spreaders, water-tanks and the like. The trade knew his name and realized that it stood for honesty and integrity. Several chances had come to him to consolidate with bigger concerns, take his profit and retire, but the love of work was still strong within him. There was time enough to talk about retirement when he was eighty or ninety years old, he said.

MARSHALL had married Leona Johnson, one of Centerville's prettiest girls, and the young bride died when their daughter was born. The child, Leona, grew up in the image of her mother, so everybody said. She was approaching thirty now, yet time had made no visible inroads on her youthful beauty. She had money, of course, and position in what had eventually come to be a sort of social clect in Centerville. Old man Marshall, as he was beginning to be called, had lived as much for his daughter as for his business. Fate had robbed her of a mother, and he tried to take the place of the lost parent as well as fill his own position as father. Leona had an excellent chance to be spoiled, but she inherited something of the great fund of common sense possessed by father and mother. Now, at a time when numerous young men had looked upon her as a singularly attractive girl, and had not been at all adverse to sharing some of her money, she held their friendship, such as it was, and refused to encourage them farther.

It was with considerable difficulty that Marshall brought himself to the point of permitting his factory men to organize. When he was young there had been no thought of restricted hours, better working conditions and the like. Men had been hired and fired as individuals. They did their own talking and the ywere on an equality with the boss. Yet he had realized, as he grew older and as his business expanded, that the old order was changing. Many like him had remained utterly stiff-necked, refusing to meet new conditions as they came. But he had been willing, after the usual argument with

(Continued on page 469)

LESLIE'S



*For American Progress, American Ideals,
American Supremacy.*

JAMES N. YOUNG, Managing Editor.

Einstein's Rule of Thumb

EINSTEIN, in attempting to transfigure our conception of Nature, has paralyzed our perceptions. We cannot harmonize our Thoughts with Einstein's Things.

We have his hypothesis; the scientists will make observations, then analyze—and then we will be ready for reasoning. With the first rays of the idea shining in his own dome Einstein tells us that the dome of the universe is vaster than we thought. Light does not come in straight lines. The orbits are not rigid. There are other gravitating forces of which we never knew. This addition to knowledge changes the sum of the additions. For our time, our measurements of matter and space, rest upon our old knowledge. Einstein's theory is the most vividly poetical of all conceptions of the universe. It is calculated to rustle the psychic researchers and the ultra-reverential who resent the slightest imputation upon St. John's measurements of Heaven.

It is an axiom that when the mind grasps a meaning, it first paints a picture and then explains it. Einstein is unfortunate in this. He exhibits no model. He sets our wits spinning into wool, with the strands trillions of miles long. If the cosmos is not the well-oiled piece of machinery we thought—then the time is out of joint, and we shall ask what is matter, space—how shall we co-ordinate physical phenomena—our transcendental physiology, organic evolution, our very scientific genesis—and when we reach the weight of a pound of sugar, we pass it back to the pundits.

We would suggest to the scientists that a board of view on all discoveries would be helpful to the lay reader. This board could hand the press association a translation, crown the hypothesis with laurel, and shoo off all Dr. Cooks.

Making Canada a Closed Shop

BILL No. 12, in the Dominion Parliament, practically excludes United States periodicals, licenses literary appropriation, and would make Canada an outlaw nation under the Berne Convention. This legislation is retaliatory. It is primitive law-clubbing on the principle of "Let us be friends, or I'll break your head."

Canada is so close to us that we are like two families in one neighborhood. Like them it is quite simple to start an estrangement over a stubborn fact. Neighbors often forget that it is wiser to bear a wrong than to do it, and sometimes better to be

cheated than not to trust. We have a copyright law aimed at the world. Surely Canada understands that self-injury would follow any legislative act which would isolate ten millions of people from a hundred millions.

We would not try to hector or lecture the Canadian people. Although it is a privilege of consanguinity, it puts a crimp in congeniality. But if this blast of retaliation sweeps down from the North it will chill the warmth of many hands and congeal the amity of much American ink. This proposed legislation is intolerant. It would halt those processes of evolution which are transforming the North American continent into one intellectual entity.

The Sick and Wounded Soldiers

THE case of the sick and wounded veterans is now in competent hands. The President's investigating committee—Dawes, Galbraith, D'Olier, Miller and Mrs. Douglas Robinson—is itself a tonic of fine health. The searching solicitude that will blow around the soldier's couch will refresh the country. We know there was no "lack of woman's nursing nor dearth of woman's care," but we are waiting to see who will be indicted. It may be us.

What has happened here has occurred in every warring nation. All were so occupied with rehabilitation. All were afraid of the taxpayers, who showed signs of nightmare at another blanket of bonds. The boys understood, also, that legislative relief is seldom afforded until there is an explosion. We take nobody's word for distress. The Government has not power at its finger-tips. It cannot touch and heal sore spots as the royal hand did the king's evil. First the grievance, then agitation, then investigation, then redress flowing from full feelings.

With our sympathetic emotions at last excited, as occurs when popular feelings are painfully wrenched, we shall wait. The President's committee will brook no restraint. If there are masks, they shall be torn off. If there exists humbuggery, it shall be squelched. And if there is nothing but cavil, the expunging will be brief and ruthless, for it is not seemly that liars fringe the sickbeds of our soldiers when the temper of our people gets high and hot.

The Non-Partisan League

THE Non-Partisan League rules North Dakota. It looks with a lenient eye upon runners amuck and Socialism. Many experienced eyes view the League with suspicion. It is singled like certain old cats which have scooted on our fence before. Its method is similar—under a respectable name preaching stiff-necked politics, which it proposes to practice when it has reduced everything to dollars and cents.

It wants to re-deck the roosts in North Dakota, and is floating a loan. Our money-lenders, having a custom of collateral and security, did not over-subscribe, and the howls from the League were wolfish and yawpish. The League once dabbled in the idea of secession from the United States, being tried for disloyalty during the war, and it thought that its loan ought to rival the Liberty Loans of the country. It is odd that Socialism worries about money—some one else's money.

The leaders of the League bait hooks for the farmer vote—being fishermen themselves. They are banned by the Legion. The loyal citizens of North Dakota wish something would untie the incubus before their backs and the dawn of a better day break together. It will appear later whether this machine is built for marauding or for impregnating a trustful people with recent wrinkles in European sociology. Its problem temporarily is the maintenance of its equilibrium by tickling the acquisitive speculations of its followers. For some day every Leaguer hopes to be awarded a badge of office and a wad.

Having opposed the draft, inculcated pacifism and a defeatist program; striven to frustrate the plans of the Government; imputed base motives to those who were loyal; stirred up class hatred when a common peril demanded unanimity—it cannot hope to be admitted to the confidence of honest citizens—for

it will take time for the memory to evaporate the League's anxiety to expose us to shame and ruin.

Desponding Delegates

THE speech in the convention which portrays the people as more unhappy than they were invariably gets full display. This shows the kindness of our editors, who know better, having their ears to the breast of things. This plot of ours is littered with piners for happiness—and some only happy when they are miserable. While the chief end of man is happiness, nobody ever said to worry about it. The delegates, sleeping among strangers on a strange bed, reflect their own unhappiness.

In 1850 weavers in New England on piece-work earned six dollars weekly; unskilled laborers three dollars. They raised families, welcomed cheaper labor of immigrants, moved West, and presumably died glad they were born. They never mentioned unhappiness; they changed position. If we exist to look in the glass to see how happy we are, all our problems are simplified. It is only necessary to instill a few rudimentary ideas into our youth, abolish the god Wish, and set up a compulsory single standard of happiness. That was Ruskin's idea, who wanted us all to be farmers. Carlyle proposed that we all wear leather clothing. Many now insist that were we to eat nothing but potatoes we would be healthier.

The single standard would extinguish ambitious boys poking for a million, and Cinderellas peeping for a prince. Inventors, poets and pioneers with the divine discontent would be put to herding the town bull. Pilgrims who inquire whether this is not Arcadia would be informed decisively that they got off at the wrong station. They would be told that earth, air and water are here for anybody who wants to cook cakes. A wise pilgrim would see that every skull beats with a different desire, and the incapacity of attainment causes pain. And he would see that diminished happiness often accompanies the attainment.

These convention delegates do not say what they mean. They mean that the inferior are suffering from their inferiority and that the superior are profiting from superiority. If this state is wrong, we shall have to smash the air-castle in everybody's noodle.

The Inspired Copy-Reader

SIX Irishmen are hanged in Ireland while twenty thousand people pray for their souls outside the prison walls.

The task presented to the copy-reader who has to write a head for this despatch would seem to be simple. The "news" is the fact that six men were hanged; the dramatic "angle" that a vast crowd gathered outside the prison to pray for the men about to be executed.

The most direct, as well as the obviously dramatic statement is "Six Sinn Feiners Hanged while 20,000 Pray." Yet we find the head-writer of one of New York's most intelligent papers mauling something about "throng outside prison walls," and leaving out the "pray" altogether!

They ordered things better than this in the days of the old *Sun*, before schools of journalism were ever heard of. The *Sun* once printed a five-line item about the overflowing of several barrels of molasses in a sub-cellar in the wholesale grocery section of New York. It was headed simply—"Sweet and Low."

What has become of the head-writers of those days—men who went at their work with an artist's touch and an artist's seriousness? It takes love and care to think up heads like that and then tuck them away in some all-but-forgotten corner of the paper. Art for art's sake.

The *Tribune* had a line the other day which was quite in the old *Sun* style. Their dramatic critic went to Washington to see a new play, "Nice People," but his assignment was changed, and the resulting story was headed "Broun Misses 'Nice People,' But Sees Senate Instead."

But the copy-reader didn't have to think this up, for Mr. Broun had put it in his first paragraph himself.

Six Hours a Day

(Continued from page 467)

Leona, to try to see the situation from the standpoint of the men as well as from his personal viewpoint. Little by little the news filtered through the factory that in Leona the men had a champion. They frequently consulted her, reported to her and besought favors from her, rather than follow the old custom of going straight to the Old Man's office with their questions.

Perhaps the habit of talking to the men, to learn if they were satisfied and to see, also, if they were really doing their work, had brought Leona into closer relationship with Philip Mason than she realized. They had gone to school together and were about the same age. He had gone to work in the Marshall factory during summer vacations. He had a love for machinery and when his high-school course was finished he got regular employment. In a short time he was a real machinist, greasy and oily of hand, with smudges on his face and the quick, keen eyes that men have who watch closely every operation of an intricate piece of machinery.

Presentable enough in working clothes, Mason was really handsome in one of the popular outfits of the Eagle Clothing Company's stock. Of course he had considerable trouble with his finger-nails. But nobody in Centerville patronized a manicure regularly. He pleased Leona Marshall just as he was because she loved to think that he represented the real type of American manhood.

It was only natural that they fell in love. He was timid about it because, to him, there was a great gulf between them. In memory he could go back to the time when his father was about as well off as her father. And when he pulled her pig-tails, coming from school, his patched trousers had been as good as her mended pinafore. Those were the old standards. Now she lived in the big house on the hill. Shrubbery had been planted and a landscape artist consulted. There were fourteen rooms in that house, exclusive of the hall. And two bathrooms! Unconsciously, Mason always wiped his feet before venturing indoors, even though the weather was fine and the cement pavement free of mud. The action merely represented his mental attitude. Somehow he felt out of place and when he had told her, after much hesitation, that he hoped some day to have money enough to build a big house and take her there, she had laughed at his fears.

"There's plenty of room in this big house for somebody else," she said. "We won't argue about where we live until we have decided how we are going to live. I want to do something useful and I want you to do likewise. There's plenty for me to do here, I believe. I get a whole lot of joy out of keeping my finger on the pulse of father's business. I know what you are doing, and what the rest are doing, all over the factory. So far you've done splendidly, but running a machine isn't the real goal. Surely, you've something else in mind."

"Yes," he admitted. "I've been thinking here, lately. Sometimes I wonder how long things are going to continue as they are now. Everything we buy has gone up so, and the men are getting restless. Last night I was reading a pamphlet that Henry King gave me, and some of the arguments in it were hard to answer. I wonder what your father would think of it?"

Leona changed the subject, but after Mason had gone she thought of what he said.

"I suppose it is coming to us, just as it has come to the larger places," she told her image in the mirror, as she took down her hair. "However, I'll let father work it out for the present and see what happens."

Something happened before long. Propaganda had been distributed through the factory and a few were disgruntled. Others joined their ranks. One night the men held a mass meeting.

"The time has come," Henry King declared, "when we've got to assert our rights. We control this factory, because we produce its wealth. Yet we have nothing to say in its management. We're ground down under the wheels of capitalism."

There was much talk, as there always is, when men are finding their ground. Some of them spoke of the bonus system, others demanded a new scheme of profit-sharing, but the majority demanded shorter hours with no cut in wages.

Philip Mason remained silent while several others were talking at once and somebody was making a motion. Suddenly he came to attention when the chairman of the meeting was announcing his name.

"And I'll appoint on that committee," said the chairman, "five men representin' all departments of the shop. I'm goin' to make Phil Mason chairman and the others 'll be Henry King, George Armstrong, Wade Long and Tim Monroe. You can get together and draw up our demands, but I want it understood what the meetin's for.

We want a six-hour workin' day an' five days a week. We want a chance for a little rest and a little mind improvin', as the feller says. We want a opportunity to get acquainted with our families."

"You know what it will mean when we present a demand of that kind," Mason remonstrated. "Mr. Marshall never will consent to anything like that."

"Got cold feet?" called out a man in the rear of the room.

"No," Mason retorted, "I haven't got cold feet. I'll stand with you men, because we all will have to stand together. I'll make the best argument I know how to make, but I'm convinced before we have a hearing that our time will be wasted."

THE meeting broke up in groups, the men talking excitedly about their new demands and what they would do if the demands were denied. Something about their aggressiveness was contagious. Also it seemed peculiar how their troubles grew and multiplied. Most of them had known Truman Marshall since their boyhood days. Their habit had been to approach Mr. Marshall on the street, in his office, or anywhere they might find him. If something was wrong in the factory, they told him about it without hesitation. They presented their personal problems as man to man and there never had been talk of a strike or a walk-out.

Now they began to feel they had been imposed upon.

Philip Mason went to see Leona Marshall the next night. She realized he was worried about something, but permitted him to take his own time for explanation. Finally, just as he was starting to leave, he faced her.

"I don't know when I'll see you again," he said, "because things are not going very well at the shop, and tomorrow morning we have a sort of set-to with your father. I don't imagine he is going to see things our way. I'm chairman of the committee and will have to do most of the talking, so it isn't likely I'll make any great hit with Mr. Marshall. About thirty minutes after we get through our session I suspect he will be up here, taking in the welcome sign."

Little by little Leona led him to tell his own story and the story of the men. She made no comment because, for the time being, she had nothing to say; no plan had yet been formulated. However, she smiled as usual when they parted and there was something a trifle wistful in her manner as she gave him the regulation good-night kiss.

Marshall was ready for the committee next morning, when it was announced. Leona had warned him. The men filed in without their usual smiles, and Mason appeared to be particularly self-conscious. Neither he nor Marshall knew that Leona had slipped into an adjoining room and established herself at a key-hole, where she could hear what transpired.

"Well, boys, what is it?" Marshall asked, swinging around from his desk.

"We've come to state our position," Mason announced, rising and fooling with his cap, "because we've decided that things can't go on as they have been."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that labor gets too little and capital too much out of what might be termed our partnership here. To come to the point, Mr. Marshall, we want better treatment. We want a six-hour working day, no cut in wages, and five days a week."

Marshall did not say anything. The demand seemed to have silenced him for the time being. Mason was nervous and the others moved about slightly as the silence grew oppressive.

"Later on," Mason finally continued, "there may be something to be said on profit-sharing, and other problems. But now we want our present demands considered and an answer given before we take up anything else."

Mr. Marshall tapped his teeth with his pencil. Then he looked at Henry King and asked a question.

"Remember that time your boy had to have an operation, Henry?"

King nodded.

"Well, I hoped I'd never have to speak of that case, but I paid for the operation, didn't I? I paid your wages while you were away helping take care of him and I loaned you the money to send him away to a special school, didn't I? You needn't answer my questions because both of us know the answer. However, I wasn't dragging you down very much then and holding your nose to the grindstone, was I?"

"And Wade, I kept the mortgage from being foreclosed on your house, that time your wife was sick and you had such a big doctor bill. Remember that? And I

had Leona carrying things down there for her to eat until she was able to get around and do a little for herself.

"Tim, I suppose you haven't forgotten how I sent your little Tim to a technical school because he wanted to be some sort of an engineer and you didn't have the money to pay the bill. I guess all of you can recall that I've been tolerably liberal with wages, that I never docked a man when he had to be away from work, that you could come in here any time and talk to me, about anything. I thought we were sort of in partnership together, and now it seems you fellows think I'm old Money Bags while you are poor, downtrodden serfs."

"You don't get our point of view, Mr. Marshall," Mason suggested.

"Maybe you don't get mine," the manufacturer retorted. "Suppose we did go into partnership together. As it is I take all the risks and guarantee every one of the men so much a week, whether I win or lose. If you'd put it to a vote the men would rather know to a dead moral certainty that they were going to get their money Saturday evening than to run the risk of not getting a cent some weeks when business was poor, and then pulling out a pretty good thing when sales had been heavy."

"And as for this six-hour day; how many of you can do as much work in six hours as you can do in eight? Why, boys, when I came to Centerville and went to work in a wagon-shop we didn't have any organization, and no daylight saving laws. We didn't have any regulation whatsoever. I went to work about sun-up, in the summer time, because there were odd jobs to be done for farmers in a hurry. I had a little time off at noon to eat a snack of something, then I worked until dark. On long days I worked more than I did on short ones. But I worked, regardless, and didn't think anything about it. It's been rather hard for me, having come up from the ranks myself, to get accustomed to so many new-fangled notions and regulations about labor. In my day a workingman worked instead of always trying to think of some way to beat the fellow who made up the pay-roll."

"But don't you think the world has moved ahead any since the day you came to Centerville?" Mason wanted to know.

"Of course it has," Marshall agreed, "and I've tried to move with it. I sort of prided myself that I'd been able to keep step most of the time, but I can't somehow seem to get in the procession with this new scheme. Now let's see. If you boys work six hours a day that cuts production. I've got to put on a bigger force to get the same amount of stuff out, or else I've got to work all of you overtime and increase production costs."

"Then I have to add something to the price of every product of the factory because manufacturing costs have gone up. The jobber who buys the stuff will pass the increase along to the retail distributor. He'll not lose any money, so he'll sock up his price to where he thinks it ought to be. The consumer pays the bill. What you boys don't seem to understand is that this sort of a thing is contagious. There may be a committee, just like this one, waiting on a thousand manufacturers right now."

"You don't consume much machinery, such as you make here, but you do consume a lot of other stuff. So long as other factories go on this long-pay and short-hour schedule it cuts their production and raises their costs just that much. You fellows will be the goats after all because while you won't buy the stuff we make here, you will buy the stuff that's made in some other plant, run under the same conditions. You're consumers of their stuff, while some farmer out in the country is the consumer of what we make. Can't you see it?"

"We are just asking for justice," declared Tim Monroe. "We ain't saying anything about more money. It's shorter hours we want, so we can have a little time to ourselves, a little chance to get acquainted with our families."

Marshall snorted. "Do you think your wife wants you cluttering up the house eighteen hours a day?" he asked.

"All this doesn't get us anywhere," Mason announced, "and we want a definite answer."

"And that answer, Phil, is a most decisive and emphatic negative. No! That's your answer!"

"Then we have instructions to tell you, Mr. Marshall," said Phil, "that the men have voted to go out this evening. Everything will be left in as good shape as possible, but the force all quits tonight."

"It's a strike then?"

The members of the committee all nodded.

Marshall turned back to his desk. "See you in church Sunday," he said with a mirthless laugh. "Stop in any

(Continued on page 477)

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The Conversion of Lunde

(Continued from page 463)

into whose hands would be poured decorations and medals as a reward for courage, and as a tribute of gratitude from their admiring countrymen. He hardly noticed that frequently they limped, or carried an arm in a sling, or were seized with spells of convulsive coughing that shook their bodies as if they had been masses of soft jelly. He saw their little round camp-caps surrounded as by halos, reflecting the imperishable glamor of war.

On this particular morning there had been one of those hopelessly battle-scarred wretches whose appearance seemed to pierce Lunde's very consciousness. The young man was a tall and brawny specimen of the Germanic race—typical of that ideal war material of which Lunde had so frequently dreamed. He was a giant who undoubtedly had tasted many adventures and probably killed scores of enemies before fate, in the shape of a shell fragment, put a stop to his berserker career.

There was nothing out of the ordinary in all this, or in the fact that, like all the other prisoners, he wore a number on his coat. In this case, No. 61. What was strange and ghastly about him was his face. It had only one eye left. In the place of the other one appeared a gaping red hole, insufficiently covered by a flapping piece of black cloth.

The one remaining eye looked very peculiar, too. It seemed unusually large and round—almost like the eye of a cow—and when you studied it more carefully, you discovered that the eyelid was partly gone. The glance of that eye strayed and swayed like a will-o'-the-wisp. One moment it sought the clouds, in the next the ground. Now and then it would drop on some object and cling to it in vacuous indifference. The expression was vacuous, too, but with a suggestion of mad fright. An involuntary shiver passed through Lunde when, for a brief moment, he found his own innocent soul-windows confronted by the glance of this unnaturally extended eye. He felt vaguely that back of this glance lay hidden something terrible, something almost inexpressible, that his idealized conception could not even approximately grasp—even though he had begun to think hard.

After the steamer had gone he asked one of the ambulance attendants the nature of the one-eyed man's trouble.

"No. 61? Oh, the usual thing. T.B. and bughouse. Got it in Galicia. Bursting shell, I suppose. Lost one eye and his whole head. The other eye is on the watch all the time. Fine boy, but a devil to handle when the spell takes him!"

After that Lunde hurried back to his office and his neglected work. But he made poor progress. His mind would stray to the far-off places of guns and barbed-wire, sometimes to Flanders, more often to Galicia. And all the time he seemed to be facing a wide-open, staring, bovine eye that sent a searching gaze straight into his own heart—reproachful—inquiring—disapproving.

It was night at last; his work was done. The house was silent, and he sat there alone, with a large sheet of paper before him, on which he had carefully printed the title of his masterpiece. A few remarks followed. The start was good. The green-shaded lamp spread a sleepy light over Lunde's paraphernalia. Creation came hard. The black letters on the white sheet began a sort of dance. They became blurred, then fused into a shapeless mess. The lines began to waver, diverging and converging haphazardly. The pen had long ago ceased to pursue its monotonous track along a circle that gradually thickened and bulged into an ellipse.

Lunde sat staring at that round spot that seemingly grew more and more vague in outline. Sometimes it appeared to contract into an infinitesimal point, then it

would expand. Did it really move? Did it wink at him, even? Was it a pupil that he saw at its center?

Yes, of course!

The glance . . . the humanly bovine eye . . . the ball that remained uncovered . . . the unutterable horror that had seized his soul that same morning, the madness . . . No. 61 . . . all of this was there . . .

And Lunde nodded, as if to an old acquaintance.

Darkness, deep and intense, surrounded him. It became full of spots that here and there assumed the shape of staring bovine eyes. These gazed straight at Lunde—unblinkingly—gazed and vanished. Slowly the darkness vanished, too.

Light gradually pierced the veils that obscured his vision. He sensed a world back of those veils. Finally he found himself able to raise his heavy lids and to look about.

In front of him stood a small, round table covered by a soiled cloth; on it was a partly emptied mug of beer. The beer saloon in which he found himself was bright and spacious. The place was packed to overflowing with a chattering mass of people. Every table was loaded with beer mugs and sausage trays. Every chair, every seat of any kind, was occupied by a garrulous, gesticulating, pipe-smoking guest.

It seemed quite natural to Lunde to sit there in his corner back of his filled mug. Of course, he had no clear recollection of how he got there, but that did not bother him. The beer was fine; so was his thirst. With great satisfaction he emptied his mug to the last drop, banged the table with it, and ordered another from a laughing waitress.

"What is the name of this place, my dear?" he suddenly asked the girl.

"Grimming's Beer Saloon," she replied wonderingly.

"Do you always have a crowd like this?" asked Lunde. "It isn't twelve yet."

"Of course not," she said. "Hahn't you heard? The great demonstration comes off today. It will pass right by our place. The start was to be made from Cathedral Square at eleven-thirty, so they'll probably be here soon."

"Oh, yes, of course," Lunde said, anxious not to display his ignorance. "You mean the labor demonstration . . ."

"Well, you might call it that," she agreed with a smile. "But a queer-looking lot they will be!"

And she passed on to another table.

Finally he managed with some difficulty to pilot himself to the broad-topped bar, where he asked for a cheap smoke.

And then he wondered whether his eyes could be playing him false.

The woman handing him the package across the bar was Mrs. Beata Grimlund. "How in the world did you get here?" Lunde burst out.

"We have been expecting you," the woman replied. "And why should I not be here—having stood here now going on ten years turning these faucets?"

"But when did you leave the old place?"

"You are confusing me with some one else, Mr. Lunde. My name is Rosa Grimming. I own this beer saloon. As I told you, we have been expecting you, for a man of your ideas cannot be missing from the spectators on a day like this. We have reserved the balcony on the second floor for you."

His finger tore at the paper wrapping of the little box of cigarettes. But instead of tobacco, he found merely a few rusty cartridge shells that jangled against each other with a melancholy clink.

"We have no other kind because of the war," he heard Rosa Grimming explain, "but they do very well when you get accustomed to them. Sometimes they for-

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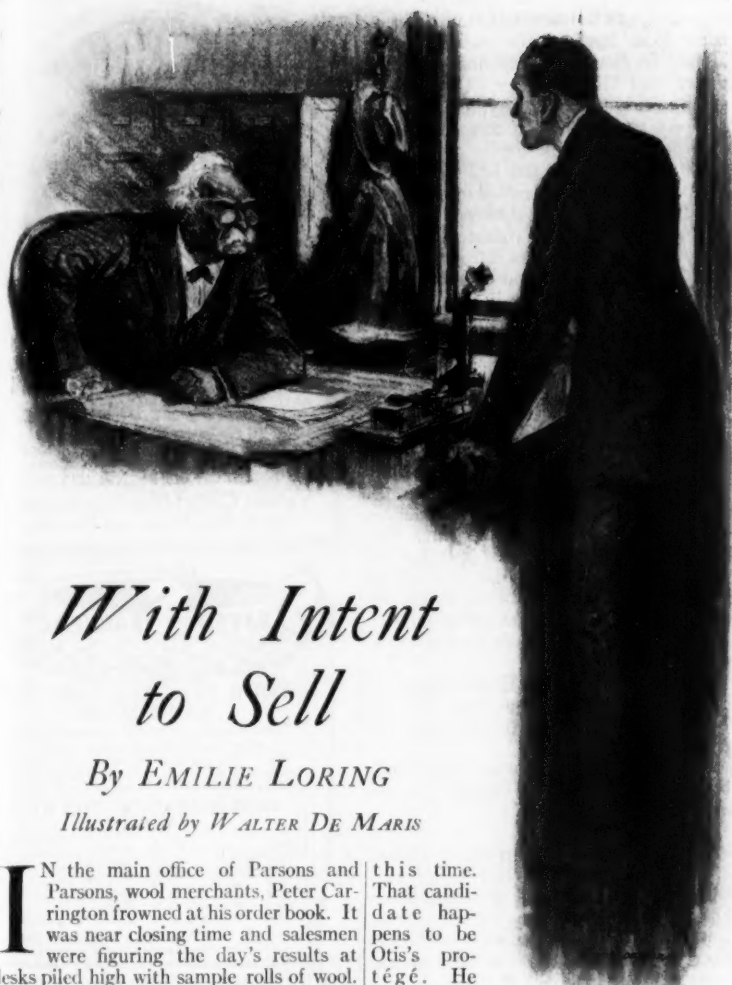
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With Intent to Sell

By EMILIE LORING

Illustrated by WALTER DE MARIS

IN the main office of Parsons and Parsons, wool merchants, Peter Carrington frowned at his order book. It was near closing time and salesmen were figuring the day's results at desks piled high with sample rolls of wool. From the ends of paper covers trailed wool in infinite variety. There was white wool, gray wool, black wool and grimy wool.

Carrington glanced at the absorbed faces about him. The other fellows apparently had something to figure up. He was bitterly disappointed. At the last moment he had failed to land a \$200,000 order which had seemed as sure as taxes. It had been for South African wool in grease and he knew that he had played safe when he had estimated the shrinkage at fifty-eight. What cog had slipped? What the dickens had changed Otis? He had always seemed such a friendly old boy.

The buzzer on Peter's desk sounded. What could B. C. want of him, he wondered. With the cheerful reminder to his apprehensive self that misfortunes, like puppies, usually arrive in litters, he stuffed his order book into his pocket and made his way to the agony den, as one facetious salesman had dubbed the senior partner's office.

B. C. Parsons glowered over his spectacles as Peter closed the door behind him. His features were built on the hawk plan. His voice was in character as he burst out without preamble:

"Carrington, you talk too much! Otis & Otis tell me that we have lost the sale of that South African because our salesman knew it all. Now what the dickens did you 'know it all' about?"

Peter had the feeling of being prodded with a red-hot fork. Lean, bronzed, erect, he stood rigid. The color burned to his dark hair.

"I don't know, sir, unless it was what I said to Otis senior about the congressional candidate." The old gentleman has been very friendly and we've discussed politics more or less. I thought he didn't fall for what I said yesterday, but, it happens I knew the candidate in college. Most of us thought that he was a poor nut, that the majority of his ideas were piffle. So I let go and told Mr. Otis what I thought."

Parsons grunted.

"I'll bet you let go. I've heard you holding forth in the office. You've done it

this time.

That candidate happens to be Otis's protégé. He sent him through college and the old man is prouder of his political success than he is of his own hard-earned millions. Why in thunder did you have to express your views to him of all men?"

Peter's fine face was white, his gray eyes black.

"You wouldn't have me a hypocrite to save my neck in business, would you? If it's my opinion—"

"Hold on, Carrington, be honest now. You were prejudiced against that man in college, weren't you? You don't mean to affirm that he's no good at all, do you?"

"Of course not, sir. Some of his ideas are all right. They'll work miracles if he can put them across, but he's—"

"Then why not give even the devil his due when you air your views? I like you, Carrington. I like your whistle and I like your laugh. I'll give you another chance, but remember, we have lost a \$200,000 sale because one of your prejudices backfired. That can't happen again, understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Remember also, when you go out with intent to sell, you may take your opinions along, but you're to can your prejudices. We don't want salesmen who make enemies; we want salesmen who make good. That's all."

With the muscles of his jaw set, Peter returned to his desk and reviewed the situation. From the time he was old enough to think he had known what he wanted to do. The war had side-tracked his plan, but as soon as he received his discharge he had gone into a mill to learn wool. He had been three months on the selling end, and what had he accomplished? The chief had hinted he stood a fifty-fifty chance of being fired. He closed his desk and in tight-lipped, stormy-eyed rebellion left the office.

Carrington felt utterly depressed.

"Peter had the feeling of being prodded with a red-hot fork."

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By C. T. CONOVER

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Chapter I
LAW AND AMERICAN BUSINESS
Mistakes of Business Men
"A long distance call, Mr. Baker," said the operator pleasantly. "Here's your party now." "Hello, Mr. Baker," said Mr. Allen of Racine. "I will sell that corner lot of yours on Grand Avenue in Milwaukee. I think I can sell that for you. Will you put a price on it and authorize me to go ahead?" "I'm not particularly anxious to sell, but I will if I can get my price," said Baker. "The least I'd take is \$1,000 cash." "Will you authorize me to sell it for that?" asked Allen. "Yes," said Baker, "you may re-

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"I'll drop in on Julie," he thought. "She's one great little gloom-dispeller."

As though the girl's name had power to dissipate fog in street and brain, Carrington laughed, and began to whistle cheerily. In imagination he went back to his first meeting with Julie Dorr, that afternoon when, while exploring the country about the mill on his motorcycle, he had entered a shadowy wood-road. He had been whistling with operatic abandon and speeding up as he whistled, when the road suddenly doubled back on itself. As he turned the sharp corner a flock of sheep scattered, bleating the gamut of the scale as they went. He ground on the brake to avoid collision with an enormous ram that stood his ground stolidly against the newcomer. Peter had a blurred impression of a slender figure in pink, brandishing a long switch, before he pitched over his handle-bars to land prone at the feet of the girl.

His impact with Mother Earth revealed more stars than he had supposed could be packed into the firmament. When vision and reason cleared he looked up. He lost his anger and his heart in the same fell swoop. From under a pink sunbonnet a pair of marvelous eyes regarded him in startled concern. There was a glint of gold-brown hair, a skin the softness of which made his fingers throb with a desire to touch it, vivid lips sternly set to repress the laugh which was beginning to riot in the eyes above them. Peter smiled in response, if somewhat half-heartedly.

"Go on, laugh! I'm not hurt," he encouraged, as he got stiffly to his feet. "I'm sorry I scattered your sheep but—"

The girl's mirth bubbled over musically for an instant.

"You looked so—so f—funny! All legs and arms going in different directions like—like a cent—centipede." In a flash she was serious. She controlled a genuine little shiver before she continued. "It was lucky for you that it was my old pet Remus who blocked your path, not his twin-brother Romulus. They are exactly alike except that Remus has a black smudge under his left eye. I shudder to think what would have become of you if you had landed at the feet of Romulus." Suddenly the girl's expression changed:

"Didn't you read that 'No Trespassing' sign at the entrance of the road?" she demanded.

"No. I'm sorry! You see, I'm a stranger in this part of the country. My name is Peter Carrington and I'm a student at the mill above here. I've been at the scouring bench for six months and I'm so fed up on wool—"

A ripple of laughter interrupted him. The girl shook her head, smiling, saying:

"You can't escape your destiny. You're surrounded by wool. Look!"

Peter looked. The fat Dorset Horn ram with its curious wool foretop and wicked-looking spiral horns still stood in the middle of the road, while from behind every tree a woolly head poked out experimentally. For an instant twenty pairs of eyes regarded him; then, as though reassured, the sheep kicked up their eighty heels and were off. Carrington looked after them, then at the girl.

"Destiny? You've said it," he announced cryptically as he turned to his machine. At that moment he realized that his heart, which had been content with an occasional flirtatious flutter into the realm of sentiment, had now fared forth on its one great adventure. What should he do? If he left her now he might never find her again. His sympathetic conscience didn't blink even when he reported that his machine was so badly twisted that he would have to walk back to the mill.

The girl protested. He must come home with her. The chauffeur at Sweet Meadows could repair the damage. Peter shamelessly accepted the invitation. The girl's eyes and smile had a heady quality. Carrington found himself volunteering the information that in a month he would go to the city to learn the selling end of

the trade; his grandfather had been a wool merchant, and he intended to make the old name loom large in the business world again. In return she explained that her father was Michael Dorr, the banker; sheep-raising was his hobby, and the family spent the summers at Sweet Meadows and the winters in the city.

As Peter and the girl had driven the sheep towards the sheds a tall man came to meet them. His eyes narrowed appraisingly as he looked at Carrington. Before he could speak Peter had introduced himself, for he was taking no chances of dismissal, and had humorously described his last flight into the wool world.

"Lucky that you didn't get more of a shake-up or fall under the hoofs of Romulus," Michael Dorr had responded genially. "I knew your father, Carrington. Leave your machine at the garage, and come up to the house for dinner."

From that time on Peter had seen Julie as often as he could diplomatically manage. He found Julie pouring herself a cup of tea in front of a jolly, crackling fire. She was alone! He was playing in luck. He watched her, his heart in his eyes, as she disciplined the noisy, bubbling kettle and filled his cup. The pent-up longing of months was in Carrington's voice as he pleaded:

"Let's do something wild and peppy to-night, Julie. Be good to me. Let me have you all to myself this evening, will you?"

She set her tea-cup down with a little crash. Her eyes were hostile as she answered crisply:

"No."

The color surged to Peter's face. He had a premonition that he had better take what was coming on high. He straightened his shoulders against the carved mantel, thrust his hands hard into the pockets of his coat and regarded her in frank amazement.

"Now what have I done?"

"I'm out of patience with you Peter, that's all. You're so cockily sure that your opinion is the last word. Do you know who that man was you met here last night?"

"Do you mean that checker-board party?" he asked with a reminiscent chuckle.

There was a flash under her long lashes.

"Ned Berry can afford to wear noisy clothes. He is the biggest buyer for the biggest yarn mill in the country. He buys thousands of bales of wool a year. I wanted you to be particularly nice to him, but instead of that, when he confessed that he adored society and dancing—particularly tea-dansants, you—oh—you—" indignation swamped the remainder of the sentence.

Carrington reddened furiously.

"I'll say he looked like a dancing man; his skin was positively pasty. Now I ask you, how was I to know he had taken the jazz germ so hard? However, I still contend that a regular he-man should have something better to do with his afternoons than to spend them dancing," he persisted aggressively.

"And I'll say you took especial pains to sear that fact into his consciousness. Why fling your contrary-opinion grenade at him? No wonder he looked pasty last night. He had been out to Sweet Meadows to see the sheep and because of someone's stupidity he got into the wrong shed and was almost gored to death by Romulus. Do you know what Dad said after you left? He looked up from his paper and remarked, 'I look upon Carrington with feelings of mingled admiration and awe. He doesn't care what he says, does he?'"

"Did your father really say that?" Peter asked hotly.

"Ask him. He said a lot more. He went on to say that a salesman who made good was the man who tried to understand the other fellow's point of view; that there was hardly a person in the world who wasn't vitally interested in something, and that it was up to the man who wanted to

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sell to get hold of that something and make his prospect talk. Dad allowed if a boy could do that, the sky was his limit in the matter of promotion. Dad knows. As for me, if you ask my opinion, I'll say you're some little expert at sowing salt, Mr. Peter Carrington."

"Sowing salt! I don't get you."

"I call it sowing salt when a man spreads his prejudices broadcast. Besides hurting people unnecessarily he is bound in time to discover he has destroyed some soil which might have become fertile. You sowed salt, and then some, yesterday, when you antagonized Ned Berry."

"You're in love with him," he accused with white lips.

"I am in love with what he has achieved," she flashed. "It makes me furious to see you who could get anything in the world you want—"

"What! Do you mean that?"

"In business," she qualified breathlessly, "lose chances to make good just because you won't hold your stupid prejudices in leash. If you'd only show an interest in what interests other men. You've lost your chance with Berry. Do you think you could sell to him now?"

"If you consider me such a—fish, why have you let me come to see you? Vamp-stuff, what?"

"It was not vamp-stuff. I—I liked your laugh. I love your whis—"

"Don't say it! My whistle has been mentioned once before today as my major recommendation. You know I love you. You say I can't sell to Berry. I say I won't come to this house again until I do. And that isn't all. When I do sell to him I'll bring you a ring as your commission on the sale, and I'll put it on your finger to stay. Good-bye!"

"Peter!"

Carrington ignored the startled, incredulous whisper and bolted from the room.

In the months which followed Peter worked like a galley slave, not only at business but at the discouraging task of disciplining his tongue. He held tight to that admonition of B. C.'s, "When you go out with intent to sell, you may take your opinions along, but you're to can your prejudices." He remembered also Michael Dorr's policy of showing interest in the other man's fads.

He went out of his way to be friendly to Berry, but the latter maintained a haughty reserve. The order was not forthcoming. Peter grew a bit haggard, and tense about the jaw.

There came a glorious Saturday morning in spring when the fragrant, flowering world through which Peter passed on his way to business set his pulses rioting, his heart aflame with longing for Julie. Should he knuckle? Should he call her on the 'phone?

No. He had vowed he would make a sale to Berry before he went. He had never been to Berry with samples. He had hoped Berry would make a move in the game, but apparently he would have to swallow his pride, and get busy. Monday morning he would try to sell Berry some choice Australian Merino which had just come in.

When he reached the office he found a message from Michael Dorr asking him to come to Sweet Meadows that afternoon to estimate on his wool. The automobile would be at the station to take him to the sheep-sheds. Peter's heart did a turn or two. He might see Julie—

The buzzer on his desk sounded. What the dickens would B. C. hand him this time, he wondered uneasily. Parsons glowered at him as he entered:

"What the devil have you said to Otis now?"

Peter's sense of justice rebelled.

"Nothing to which he could justly take

(Concluded on page 474)

The Conversion of Lunde

(Continued from page 470)

get to remove the powder, but that does not happen often."

At that moment cries of "Here they come!" were heard from the crowd near the entrance. Every one made a rush for the windows.

"Come along," said the woman presiding over the beer barrels. "This way." Lunde followed her without hesitation.

FROM the balcony to which he was led the city, bathed in sunlight, lay at their feet. Dense crowds framed the open place which formed a half-circle in front of them. In the midst of it rose an equestrian statue, facing a widespread palatial group of buildings, the colonnaded façade of which was draped with flags. The space in front of this structure was kept clear by guards who held hands in order to prevent their line from being broken by the crowd.

Lunde drank in the fresh air eagerly. He felt dazed and confused. The panorama spread out before him was at once so familiar and so hopelessly foreign. To his astonishment, he could not determine whether he knew the place intimately or was seeing it for the first time. He had surely seen that big building before. And the statue, too. But the colors of the flags were strange to him, and the street signs displayed unfamiliar names.

A tremendous procession was approaching along the street leading into the square on a line with the balcony where he stood. As far as eye could see the broad driveway was packed with oncoming people, one row of faces after the other, all of them turned toward Lunde.

Little by little the procession drew nearer, and at last Lunde was able to decipher a placard borne at the head of the procession: "Ten thousand invalids—a mere fraction of the total number."

This was set forth in enormous letters. Below appeared in smaller type:

"We demand a legally determined place among the workers of the nation."

The man carrying the placard was very tall, very broad-shouldered, and appeared very familiar. Arrived in front of the balcony, he raised his head. A huge, round, bovine eye stared up at Lunde. Its glance was laden with a mixture of hatred, despair and suffering.

This ghastly figure stopped for a brief moment, spat sideways, uttered an inarticulate howl, and resumed his shuffling progress toward the big building across the square.

"No. 61!" said Lunde to himself.

It was a dismal host of human wreckage that poured in an unbroken stream past the balcony. Row on row, column by column, the black mass rolled into the open space until gradually its wide semicircle was totally filled.

First came those who showed no outward sign of trouble. They had the appearance of being intact, but every step they took made their artificial limbs squeak and creak like old cuckoo clocks about to signal the hour.

Followed those who could not afford to replace their lost parts with artificial substitutes. They bounced, tottered, limped, crawled, shambled and wobbled onward, while their sticks and crutches beat a steadily rising tattoo.

After these, the blind—row upon row, close, close, guided by their dogs or by one-eyed comrades; then those who practically had no faces left, and those who could not keep their bodies still for a single moment, but had to jump up and down on the same spot when the procession failed to move fast enough; and finally those who con-

(Concluded on page 478)

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(Concluded from page 473)



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exception. For a time after I lost that sale I didn't go near him. Then I concluded I was playing the quitter and went there again with samples. He has sounded me on every subject under the sun, but, believe me, I have had nothing to say unless I was sure of my facts. I can't see what the old gentleman has on me now."

"He has nothing on you, Carrington. He phoned that he wanted 500 bales of Cape; that he would give all orders through you in future. I congratulate you, boy. You've put up a stiff fight and won out. From today your salary will be raised and you will be given a commission on sales. That's all."

"All!" The blood pounded in Peter's ears as he closed the door. Now if he could land an order from the sporty Berry! He must. Good Fortune usually knocked a three-bagger when she commenced to hit. He had the Otis order to his credit. He'd get one out of Berry some way. That would be the second piece of luck, and the third—

When Peter stepped from the train at Sweet Meadows station, Berry, in a black-and-white suit which put to shame all previous efforts of the weaver, white spats and a hectic tie, dropped off the car ahead. There was annoyed surprise in the older man's keen blue eyes.

"Mr. Dorr sent for me to estimate on his wool," Peter announced with easy friendliness.

"That's curious. He sent for me, too. Well, let's go."

The two sat silently side by side until the automobile stopped at the gate of the sheep-range. Then without speaking the men made their way up the rise of ground which concealed the sheds. At the top Peter felt a nervous grip on his arm, heard a smothered purple expletive from Berry. He looked ahead. Directly in their path stood a Dorset Horn ram, his enormous curved horns looming menacingly. He bawled a challenge and started in their direction, head down. Carrington could hear Berry's teeth chatter. Gone was the man's air of lofty superiority as he stammered:

"G-good Lord! It's that beast Romulus! He's g-going to charge us. Let's beat it!"

Peter's face whitened. He held his breath as he had held it many a time in that curious, still second before the bursting of a shell. What idiot had turned the beast loose? He glanced quickly over his shoulder. Berry could make the fence while he held the creature back. He stripped off his coat. With another howl of rage the ram threw back his head. Peter stared like a basilik.

Carrington turned to reassure the terrified Berry. Then an overwhelming temptation to even up assailed him. He had eaten considerable humble-pie, and Berry had not been sport enough to forgive and forget. The boy in Peter broke bounds!

"It's those black-and-white checks that have infuriated the beast," he whispered hoarsely. "Keep behind me! Take 'em off!"

"H-h-how the d-devil can I t-take 'em off here?" shuddered Berry.

"That's up to you. Get those checks off or I won't answer for the consequences. I'll keep the beast at bay as long as possible. I have a sort of hypnotic power over animals. That's the stuff!" as from the corner of his eye he saw a blur of black-and-white fall to the ground. "We'll back to the gate. Steady! Don't let your teeth chatter so, man. The sound maddens him. Beat it to the fence! Beat it!"

Without a protest Berry fled. Peter looked into the plegmatic eyes of Remus. Then he looked toward the fence. Berry was tumbling over the gate.

"It was a low-down trick, Remus,"

Peter confided to the Dorset Horn between chuckles, "but when I go out with intent to sell I should show consideration for a prospect's fears as well as his fads, shouldn't I?" He picked up the scattered garments and joined Berry outside the fence.

"W-where is he? Did he g-get at you?" stammered Berry breathlessly.

"No, but it was a close shave. You'd better get into your checks; I hear a machine. Quick!"

Berry was straightening his tie when the chauffeur from Sweet Meadows drove up. Berry suddenly extended his hand to Peter:

"Carrington you were a trump to stand between me and that beast. I know that I acted like a darned fool, but I've never forgotten my other encounter with that fiend Romulus. I shall always remember your courage." Peter's conscience administered a vigorous pinch. "When you have a lot of my kind of wool for sale, bring it in."

Carrington's heart hopped to his throat, then settled down to the day's work. He had sworn that he would have an order from Berry before he went to Julie, and Julie was tantalizingly near. He pulled out his order book and consulted it.

"It's curious that we should have met like this, Berry. I have a memo here to see you Monday about a lot of choice Australian Merino. There are a hundred bales of it and it's a buy."

"I'll take it on your say-so. Come in Monday and we'll figure up. I'm going back to town—pronto. The man here can take me to the station. I'll buy Dorr's wool through you, if it's anything I want. See you later and—thanks, again, old man."

Peter's conscience gave another twinge as he watched Berry drive away. He turned back to the range. His lips stiffened. Against a background of apple-blossoms, in pink gown and sunbonnet stood Julie. Good Lord, how long had she been there? Could she have seen—he wouldn't have made Berry a joke before her for all the orders in the universe.

"How long have you been in that field?" he demanded anxiously.

"I came over the rise just as the car drove away," Julie replied nonchalantly.

"Oh, you did." A suspicion pricked at Carrington's consciousness. "Where's your father?"

"Dad? Why, Dad's in the city, isn't he?" she answered in a voice that fairly dripped innocence.

"What!"

Peter broke his own record as he hurdled the gate. His suspicion crystallized to conviction.

"Julie, you sent those messages to Berry and me," he accused at a venture. As a delicate color spread to her hair he laughed exultantly. "What was the big idea—sweetness?"

Her soft skin rivaled the pink of the blossoms behind her.

"You're so—so slow sometimes, Peter. You vowed you wouldn't come again until you had an order from Ned Berry and—"

"And what?" he prompted tensely.

"And so I sent for you both. Ned is a good sport. I—I thought if I told him that—that you wouldn't come to see me until he gave you an order—he might—and now he's gone without—"

"You would have done that?" Amazed comprehension blazed in Carrington's eyes. His voice was husky as he commanded:

"Girl, come here!"

He held his order book so that she had to come very close to read it. With an unsteady finger he pointed to the page.

"You've kept me waiting a long, lonesome time for that commission, Peter," was her soft, muffled answer.

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"Learn Me to Ride," Says I

(Concluded from page 466)

"Ninety dollars a pound! You're worth your weight in this here radium stuff," I says admiring. "But I ain't jealous." The weather is getting wonderful just about this time and when we come out of the Best Riding School together that afternoon, Mrs. Dean invites me to ride in the baby-blue limousine through the park with her before I goes home. On account of Bob having to work that night and so me being in no hurry, I accepts. "I wish we knew some nice place—" begins my friend, starting the motor. "So do we all of us," I chants bitter.

We bumps on through the park, around our detours and through part of the lake which had got mislaid owing to the awful weather and we come out the other entrance, where, for the first time in my life, I views the statuary with interest. I'm looking to see if the Father of his Country rides with his heels down. He done it; though, being a patriot, I wouldn't of said nothing to no one if he hadn't. Right opposite was the electric sign of the Very Best Riding School, scornful rivals of our own academy.

"Let's go in and give them the O. O.," suggests Mrs. Dean. "Maybe we could learn something." We gets out of the car and strolls in, each according to her style which, I will say for my friend, being such a stout person and all, she could make the general public turn around. We stands as unobtrusive as is possible for ladies like us, nearly almost in a corner, and watches.

Some was trotting; some was galloping; but most was just sticking on, or hopping to. And all was meek and uncomfortable-looking even as us. Then, turning to Mrs. Dean I observes, "Look! That man ain't so bad. Sits straight, heels down and everything. Why, what's the matter?" Her eyes was popping out of her head.

"That—that man," she addresses an instructor, sort of sticking round close by, "has—has he been riding long?"

"No. He's only a beginner. But he keeps at it all the time. Very promising pupil; though he should ride well. I'm teaching him myself and he's paying extra for it. Like to meet him?" he finishes with a knowing smile.

"I have met him," asserts my friend grim and I sort of get a glimmer and steps outside to see if the car is all right, not caring to intrude on family affairs.

When Mrs. Dean rejoins me she's registering joy unrestrained.

"That's the first piece of luck I've had in nineteen years, dearie," she laughs. "If you'll come, I'll blow you to a dinner at Tiffany's." By the look in her eyes, I knows it was to be on Henry, so I accepts joyful.

"He's joining us as soon as he gets dressed. Oh my! I'll never forget the look on his face!"

While we're killing time with a lobster cocktail, Mr. Dean makes a appearance. He spots us at once and I gets introduced. He is a regular, good-looking scout and wrings my hand remarking he has always wanted to meet a real, live movie star and I say that's me and he says have we ordered yet and what did we say to a planked shad and I say I'm hungry enough to eat ham, so we have the shad. I can see he ain't no laborer so he must be a capitalist; he gets right down to brass tacks.

"Caught me with the goods," he says laughing. "Well, Clarissa, how much does it cost me this time?"

He takes her unprepared and I can see she don't know what to ask for, there being no more room on her fat fingers for jewelry, so her husband hurries on, "What do you say if I buy a couple of horses and we ride together? It's good fun after a while. You—you can take lessons and I'll buy you the best saddle horse in New York. What do you say?"

I am so scared she'll spoil it and tell him

the truth like women do when they lose their head, but she drops her eyes and says demure as a flapper, "I thinks I'd like it, Henry; if you think I can learn to ride."

Shad's got lots of bones so I have a good excuse for choking to death.

Next day I rides like I never done before; I rides so hard I could feel the bow-legs beginning to come. Don't never let nobody tell you movie stars don't work for their money no matter how fancy the salary. After we get so we can do everything required, from lassoing a ocean liner from one of the pinnacles of St. Patrick's to jumping from the Lightning Express to a horse's back and beating the train in, why, we've lost our youth and it forces 'em to can us. Outside of that the money comes in regular and easy.

Honest, when I come out on the sidewalk in front of the Academy that last evening, Bach following me and talking, I thinks Johnson's must've mistook the Best Riding School for Madison Square Garden. Mrs. Dean's baby-blue limousine stands in the lead. Bob was waiting for me in ours.

Behind Bob was Al Sternberg's car blazing in the late afternoon sun, what with a aluminum hood and this here new shade, jade green, on the body. Al himself is a snappy, though quiet, dresser, practically allowing himself nothing by way of color but a lemon-tinted top-coat and spats to match. He stands, now, talking to Bob and chewing a huge cigar, nervous as per usual. I knows, of course, he has come to jazz me up and I'm mighty thankful I'm ready. I introduces Bach and lets him speak for me and I certainly am hipped at what he says.

"It has been hard work—terrific—but I've made a rider out of her. She has nerve. If I could have a little more time."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Al busts out finally, unable to stand it longer. "Very good. It will come in handy sometime, no doubt. My plans are changed. Pat, you are to make your get-away in that third reel of 'She Loops to Conquer,' in a aeroplane. Report tomorrow—"

I ain't no jellyfish.

"Nothing doin'!" I snaps. "No aeroplanes for mine! My life belongs to my home; and I got a white man working for me. I'm going back to housekeeping—so there's that!" And I clumb in beside Bob and motions for him to let the old boat go.

"Now see here," Al leans on the door and emphasizes what he has to remark by waving his half-chewed cigar; "in consideration that this new feature is a trifle more risky than the other, I'll add something to the contract." Raising his voice and backing off as if that settles it, he barks, "You are to go to the Rockaway Beach Naval Air Station nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Lieut. Milner is to show you what you have to do. It's very simple. I can get dozens of girls to do it. I'll give you two days to learn. Don't you know I'm losing money all the time I'm waiting for you to learn things? So long! See you Friday."

"If our combined income can withstand the shock, Bob," I says, "could we go to some modest, moderate-priced hotel somewhere and have us a porterhouse-steak dinner? I feel the need of a little nourishment."

Bob lets in the clutch and replies, "Well Pat, maybe we could this once, but with the high cost of living and my wife threatening to throw up her job, I don't like to encourage any extravagance. Just the same," he continues, turning serious, "you call up that bird in the morning and tell him where he gets off. He's got one heck of a nerve! No wife of mine is going up in an aeroplane."

"Yes I am too!" I braces up to say, stubborn. "Whatever else I ain't—I ain't no quitter."



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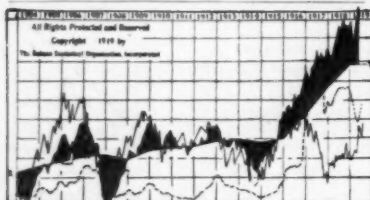


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WHATEVER amount of disagreement there may be with the tariff views expressed by President Harding in his first message to Congress, the entire business world has approved his utterances on taxation. Said the President: "The unrestrained tendency to heedless expenditure, and the attending growth of public indebtedness... constitute the most dangerous phase of government today." This has long been the warning sounded by students of taxation, and it is well that the Chief Magistrate of the Nation should add the emphasis of his position to it. The President called for both "rigid resistance in appropriation" and "utmost economy in administration." Noting that unless expenditures should be heavily cut, receipts from internal taxes cannot safely be allowed to fall below four billion dollars in the fiscal years of 1922 and 1923, he gave the assurance that even this would be one billion less than in 1920 and one-half billion less than in 1921. He favored "revision or repeal of those taxes which have become unproductive and are so artificial and burdensome as to defeat their own purpose." In his opinion a thorough revision of the internal tax law was "a requisite to the revival of business activity in this country."

If the President's good advice is heeded, and there is every indication that it will be, Congress will undo or mitigate some of the worst features of our crudely constructed war-time taxation scheme. Excess profit taxes and unreasonable surtaxes will go. These have been growing less and less productive, and are depressive to enterprise, and damaging to the industrial and commercial situation. The attitude and the recommendations of the President, if followed by suitable Congressional action, should quickly revitalize stagnant business and give an impetus toward better times.

But, it may be asked, what shall be done to replace the revenue lost through elimination or reduction of present objectionable taxes? There has been a growth of sentiment throughout the land in favor of substituting for these a tax on sales, or a tax on consumption. But powerful opposition to such a plan has sprung up in Congress, and it is by no means certain that it will be adopted. The arguments for and against this proposition will undoubtedly be well thrashed out both in House and Senate, and no American citizen will remain unacquainted with its merits and defects. If it should prove to be the best that can be devised, it may be enacted, for it would appear to be some improvement, at least, on the existing method.

Of course, it would be better, were that possible, to so reduce expenditures as to make unnecessary any new variety of taxes. That is implied in the President's own language. Moreover, Representative Mondell, Republican leader of the House, insists that the country needs "a lifting, not a shifting, of the tax burden." He believes that if the floating debt should be funded at the same time the Victory Notes are refunded, there will be no call for additional taxation. This is a welcome

assertion. Aside from interest on the war debt, the outlays of the Government are too enormous to be patiently endured by the tax-payers. There is a wide feeling that our lawmakers are not too ready to put a check on prodigality. Will they zealously respond to President Harding's counsels of economy? If they only have an earnest desire and purpose to retrench, doubtless they can see their way to do so in many directions without material injury to the public service. The testimony indicates that there are still thousands of superfluous office-holders in Washington, that millions of dollars are yearly squandered on government printing of no great use, and that appropriations which the state of the Treasury does not warrant may be attempted through the old, vicious and costly practice of log-rolling. A budget system cannot too soon be enacted or too faithfully put into effect. The high cost of government has been a considerable factor in the high cost of living, and it should suffer deflation along with everything else.

For the securities market such declarations as those of the President and Representative Mondell are especially encouraging. They are an influential propaganda for prosperity. All measures taken to improve business and economic conditions will find their response in the rising values of stocks and bonds. The Administration's position on the railroad question seems to be constructive and helpful, and therefore to be commended. If to its efforts to aid in bringing about that great desideratum, lower cost of transportation, the government effects lower cost of administration at Washington, it will deserve the general praise.

M., DETROIT, MICH.: The Winchester Co. 7½ per cent. gold bonds are looked upon as a safe investment.

C., SHARON, PA.: You can safely invest in Armour & Co. 7's and West Penn Power Co. 1st mortgage 7's.

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J., NYACK, N. Y.: Although the American Sumatra Tobacco Co. has reduced its dividend from a \$10 to an \$8 rate, the stock continues a good speculative purchase.

B., WACO, TEXAS: Erie general 4's are pretty well secured and interest has been paid on them regularly. They are at present price a good business man's purchase.

B., TWO HARBORS, MINN.: The stocks of both the Westinghouse organizations are high grade, and N. Y. Air Brake, Steel & Tube preferred, American Tel. & Tel. and U. S. Rubber common are excellent business man's investments.

S., SPOKANE, WASH.: The Steel Realty Development Corp. is a new enterprise whose ability to earn profits and pay dividends has yet to be tested by time. The stock at present is highly speculative.

G., ERIE, PA.: As the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co. reports earnings last year exceeding \$8 per share and claims a promising outlook, it should be able to keep up dividends on common at the present rate of \$4. The preferred is now near the investment class.

W., WHEELING, W. VA.: The prospects of Willys-Overland are asserted to be brightening. It stands to reason that the able managers will succeed in extricating the company from its difficulties. Nobody can foresee, however, how long the two classes of stock will remain speculative.

L., PORTLAND, MAINE: Notwithstanding the International Paper Company's report for 1920 shows earnings for the common stock of over \$50 a share, a new high record, compared with \$13.24 in 1919, it is announced that no dividend will in the immediate future be declared on common.

R., PERTH AMBOY, N. J.: The Electric Storage Battery Co.'s consolidated report says that its earnings and those of the Willard Storage Battery

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Co. for 1920 were equal to \$23.21 a share. The surplus after dividends amounted to more than \$4,000,000. The stock therefore seems desirable.

M. CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA: While National Leather Co. 8 per cent. notes are regarded as reasonably safe, it would be better to diversify your investments and to buy other issues also with your surplus money. You might consider Government of Norway 8's, Government of France 8's, Republic of Chile 8's, U. S. Rubber 7½'s or New York Central 7's.

N. BALTIMORE, MD.: The new 8 per cent. convertible bonds of the Mexican Petroleum Company, Ltd., are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Pan-American Petroleum & Transport Co. The bonds were offered to the public at a price to yield about 8.2 per cent. They aggregate \$10,000,000 and run for fifteen years. They are among the safe industrial issues.

W. PEORIA, ILL.: Danville, Champaign & Decatur Railway & Light Co. 8 per cent. gold notes and Des Moines Electric Co. 7½ per cent. gold notes are the issues of prosperous concerns and undoubtedly safe. Deere & Co. 7½ per cent. gold notes seem sound. I have no statement regarding the earnings and condition of the Aluminum Goods Mfg. Co., but its 7½ per cent. gold notes were well sponsored.

H. LEBANON, O.: General Electric and American Car & Foundry are 12 per cent. stocks, but they are selling above par and the net yield is less than 12. Here are some issues, more speculative than the above two, which at recent figures yielded 12 per cent. or more; International Mercantile Marine preferred, Advance Rumely preferred, Middle States Oil, Submarine Boat, Superior Steel common and Oklahoma Producing & Refining. The best of these, in my opinion, are International Mercantile Marine pfd., Advance Rumely pfd., and Superior Steel.

New York, April 30, 1921.

Free Booklets for Investors

R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York, will mail on request the current issue of "Securities Suggestions" an article in which is discussed the motor and tire situation intelligently and interestingly.

J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York, will send on application a copy of the widely known Bache Review, one of the high authorities on financial matters.

The Investors Company, Madison & Kedzie

Six Hours a Day

(Continued from page 469)

time you're passing. Get your pay—what's coming to you—Saturday as usual."

The men filed out to carry their message back to their fellow workmen. The door leading to the next room opened and Leona came in.

"I heard everything that was said," she announced. "And there's only one fault I have to find with your decision. You should have said 'yes' instead of 'no.'"

Marshall dropped his pencil and gasped. "Don't tell me you've gone and turned into a—a Bolshevik, or anything like that?" he insisted. "What's happened that you should turn against your old father? Has Phil Mason been working on your sentiments, and warped your better judgment?"

"Nothing like that at all," the girl replied. "Only I have a scheme. The men see only one side, and while you try your best, you see only the other. I see both sides, I think, and, as I said, I've got a scheme."

"Well?"

"But will you agree to it if I tell you?"

"I'm in no mood to agree to anything," her father declared. "I've been laboring under the delusion that this was my factory, that I could sort of run it, giving the men their just dues and keeping in mind that I had a good many moral obligations. Now I'm through. They are going to strike and I'm going to quit. They quit first, so they can't have any kick coming. I never intend to run that plant again. So there!"

They argued back and forth for a long time. He remained obdurate, but finally she thought of a new angle.

"You seem to have forgotten that this factory would belong to me, if anything happened to you," she said. "Suppose, now, that you turn it over to me and let me run it for a little while. If I fail, I won't say another word. I'll never make another suggestion."

Leona refused to divulge her scheme. At length he pulled down the top of his

State Bank, Chicago, and Inter Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky., offers Investors Bonds, which are first mortgages on high-grade property, pay 7 per cent. and can be bought on partial payments. For particulars write to the company for booklet L-119.

G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 109 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., will supply to any applicant an interesting story telling how a 7 per cent. investment paid 12 per cent. This is good reading for everybody, and especially for investors. The company is one of the leading dealers in real estate mortgages and bonds in the United States.

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E. M. Fuller & Co., members the Consolidated Stock Exchange, 50 Broad Street, New York, in their latest market review analyze the rubber and tire industry. The analysis has special reference to United States Rubber, Kelly-Springfield Tire, Lee Rubber & Tire, and Fisk Rubber. All those interested in the securities of these concerns should ask Fuller & Co. for LW-65.

The No. S-10 issue of "Investment Survey" contains a timely and valuable article on the Studebaker issues, discussing their present market position and their prospects. A copy of this publication, with 20-payment booklet No. 201, may be obtained from Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange Place, New York.

The great and substantial progress of the Pacific Northwest, with its continuing fine outlook, make the bonds of its municipalities excellent and stable investments. High-grade securities of this class are being distributed by the Ladd & Tilton Bank, of Portland, Oregon. The bank is long established and entirely responsible. A list of its offerings may be obtained by any investor on request.

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desk, shook the wrinkles out of his trousers and surrendered.

"You've got a darned-fool notion of some kind," he declared, "but I want you to get your blamed satisfy. Go to it, sister, and accept my sympathy."

Leona raised the top of the desk and pressed a button. When the boy came she sent him to the shop with a request that the committee return for another conference. In a few minutes Mason and the others were standing before her. Leona would not meet Phil's puzzled look. She talked to the second button on his vest.

"Please go back and tell the men that your demands have been granted," she requested. "Beginning Monday morning the shop will be operated on a six-hour basis, at the same rate of pay you now receive. Saturdays will be full holidays. That's all."

To Marshall's declaration that her scheme was an excellent one—only that it meant complete surrender to the men, she gave no answer save a mysterious smile and a shake of her pretty head. Then she also closed the desk and excused herself.

Centerville was, and still is, a one-factory town. There are some little shops, but the Marshall factory is the town's mainstay. Close to three hundred men were employed there when the conference was held and the merchants of the community considered the factory a barometer. When work was brisk their trade was good. When orders were slack they were likely to have to carry bills for some time. Practically all of the 4,000 or 5,000 persons in the place radiated around the Marshall institution in some way. So, when the men went down town that evening and announced the shop had gone on a six-hour basis, there was a buzz of conversation.

EVERYBODY in Centerville knew Leona Marshall and admired her. As some of the wives of the laboring men put it, "she's not stuck up." Her money never

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had turned her head or changed her friendly disposition. She was welcomed, that afternoon, in many homes of the men whose names appeared on the factory payroll. By evening she was down to the town's business section, interviewing the merchants along Washington street. She continued her work until well into the night. Then she went home and to bed.

The big decision had come on Friday. Saturday and Sunday passed without incident, then came the Monday when all of Centerville went on a six-hour basis. The bank announced it would be open for business just six hours during the day. Formerly it had opened at eight a. m. and closed at four p. m. The dry-goods stores, hardware stores, drug stores, bakeries, millinery stores, shoe stores—all the shops on Washington street, displayed cards in their windows announcing their own six-hour day. Truly, a peaceful revolution had been won by the men of the Marshall plant. They grinned broadly and shouted the glad tidings.

Then Tim Monroe, who had sought a chance to get acquainted with his family, found a fly in the ointment. It was Monday afternoon and he was home early.

"Let's have an early supper and go to the picture show," he suggested.

"There'll not be any supper in this house," Mrs. Monroe informed him. "I got up early this morning, did the washing and hung it out to dry. I got your breakfast and breakfast for the children. I got your dinner and I did all the usual housework. I did some mending for Rosy and sewed a button on Horace's coat. Then I heard the alarm clock ringing and threw down the dish-rag just as I was ready to start on the dishes. We women have been organizin' a little our own selves."

Tim put on his hat and went out. Somehow or other his feet led him to the factory. It always had been true that when the men had a holiday they usually walked out to the factory in the afternoon, sat around and talked. It was a sort of second home to them. They could walk down to the bridge and look at the river; they could stop in the water-works and see the pumps

work, or they could do any of the other usual things a Centerville man did when loafing. But, after all, the factory lured most of them. Tim found several companions there, and inquiry developed that their wives were on a six-hour schedule.

"I don't know who's behind it," Tim said, after exchanging experiences with some of the others, "but I'm goin' to have it understood who's boss in my house. I'm goin' to run my own business and my own home."

There was complaint from the men when they went to various stores and found them closed. The women did not complain because they had an opportunity to shop while the stores were open. Even the barber shops were run by the whistle on the Marshall factory.

Philip Mason realized the futility of argument, yet he wanted to see Leona and hear what she had to say. He had noticed her in her father's office when he went over to the production department to ask a question. There was a private telephone exchange near her desk and he made an excuse to use it, to question one of the foremen who had sent him on the errand. After using the telephone he turned to the girl.

"Any chance to see you this evening?" he asked in a low tone.

"Sorry I can't," Leona answered with the friendliest sort of a smile. "Sorry, Phil, but I've joined the rest of the town on a six-hour schedule. My day begins when the whistle blows and it ends when the boys quit work over there in the shop. If you can find any time to come and see me during working hours, I'll be glad to have you."

Phil did not make any comment. Truman Marshall met Tim Monroe on the street the next afternoon.

"Getting acquainted with your family, Tim?" he inquired, in a pleasant tone.

Tim was at a loss for an answer. "There's a fellow over there I've got to see," he replied, running across the street and evading the question.

Things went along without change during the week. The men muttered and some of the merchants sought release from

their pledged word to operate on a six-hour basis. Some of them feared reprisal from the men. There was talk of a co-operative store that would remain open until late at night. Leona Marshall begged them to remain firm.

Early Friday afternoon Phil Mason sought an audience with his new boss. Leona swung around in her chair and asked what she could do for him.

"Some of the boys are a little hazy yet," he said, "but I wasn't born day before yesterday, and I understand. We're what you might call licked, if you want to put it that way. They sent me over here to say that at a meeting held a little while ago we voted, 298 to 2, to go back to the old schedule. Now, let's have a barber shop open tonight, and a place where a fellow can buy a sack of tobacco."

Leona got up, sent her stenographer out, and placed her hands on his shoulders.

"I didn't want to win for my own sake as much as I did for yours," she said, very softly. "I knew you were in earnest, but you had the wrong idea. You couldn't appreciate what it meant until you saw a general application of the principle. Are you convinced now?"

For answer, Mason leaned forward, during business hours, and kissed his boss full on the lips.

"What I want to know," Marshall insisted at the dinner-table that evening, "was how you lined up every business house in the town and kept them up to the mark, when they were losing money."

"Well," Leona answered after a moment's reflection, "you know I have a bunch of money of my own. I went to those merchants and guaranteed each as much income for this week as he had for last. Each one of them has my signature to that effect. I won my fight on principle and I won Phil back to where I wanted him. I've lost some money, I guess, but it was worth every penny I invested."

Marshall permitted himself the pleasure of his first real smile in a week.

"Give me my personal check book," he said.

The Conversion of Lunde

(Concluded from page 473)

tinually jabbered strings of meaningless words while waving aloft their amputated arms, with steel hooks in place of hands, as if addressing some great assembly.

In the meantime, a few men had gathered between the columns at the top of the stairs leading up to the building across the square. Evidently they were the objective point of the demonstration, and the recipients of the grievances and demands to be presented. One of the demonstrators emerged from the mass, dragged himself painfully up the stairs with the help of a pair of crutches, and handed a roll of paper to the foremost man at the top. Then he turned about so that he faced the square. Having called for silence by raising one of his crutches in the air, he began to speak.

In the intense silence that surrounded him Lunde could easily catch every word.

"As representatives of the war invalids of this country, we have come here to make known our desires and demands," the speaker began. "First, we want a law giving us free access to such positions within the producing machinery of our society—be it industrial, agricultural or intellectual—as we, respectively, are capable of filling. Behold this host of men! Have they really deserved to be cut off from every chance of work and of earning a livelihood?"

"Why should they, in particular, be outlawed and treated worse than other human beings—nay, worse than dumb brutes? A dog is permitted to run about the street and pick up such food as it can find. But these, who have come here to

seek work, are everywhere met with harsh words.

"Now we, who suffered the hard ordeal of self-sacrifice in the hope of seeing many great wrongs ended forever, and who, in reward, have been condemned to a lifetime of agony, we cry out so that heaven and hell may hear us: Cursed be this evil that has befallen the world! Cursed be the black demon of war! Cursed be all those who still carry the bloody seal of the wild beast in their hearts, believing in its necessity and glory! Cursed . . . cursed . . . cursed, cry we!"

And from the crowd, so still a moment ago, echoed the thousand-throated cry:

"Cursed! Cursed!"

A forest of sticks and crutches sprang into the air. The clanking of artificial limbs mingled with piercing screams and raucous babblings. But higher above all else shrilled that cry of anathema.

Then the ghastly chorus was swelled by yet another set of sounds, more sharp and penetrating. Lunde became aware of a new procession that in the meantime had approached along one of the side streets and now awaited its chance to pour into the square.

It was made up of women with pale, wan faces; they bore the placard:

"Ten thousand mothers and ten thousand fatherless children—a mere fraction of the total number!"

Lunde wanted to cry out. He wanted to add his voice to the others so that he might help to strengthen that cry of hatred and rage. But his vocal chords seemed paralyzed; once more he was un-

able to make his lips utter a sound. He could only raise his fists toward heaven in futile rage. The tension became unbearable. He must find means of relief. Automatically he began to search his pockets for the box of cigarettes. Hardly conscious of what he was doing, he pulled out one of those quaint contrivances, put it in his mouth, and started to light it.

A tongue of flame shot from the end of the shell with the noise of a sky-rocket. An explosion followed.

"One of those with the powder left," was the thought that flashed through Lunde's head . . .

Darkness closed in on him. The horrifying noises died away, changing gradually into a deep-pitched, humming bass note, . . .

Lunde made a sudden movement.

The green-shaded lamp on his desk still burned, and a circle of bright light shone on the white paper sheets. Lunde stared for a while uncomprehendingly at the words on the paper. Suddenly he tore the sheets into bits, turned out the lamp and groped his way out of the house into the night fog. . . .

During the next two days Lunde remained alone in his little den, writing.

Then he walked with light heart and resilient step straight to the editorial offices of the liberal weekly. He asked for an interview with the editor. He was admitted to the sanctum. There, Lunde produced a manuscript and spread it on the editorial desk. At the head of the first page appeared in neat lettering the title:

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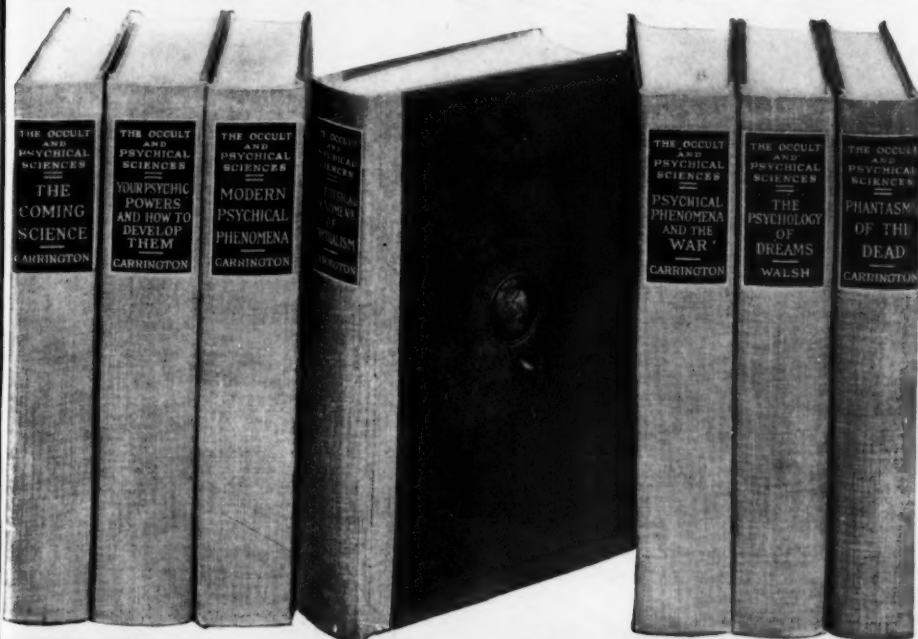
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With acknowledgments to K. C. B.

Nix on the "Parley-Voo" stuff!



A FRIEND of mine.
WHO COULDN'T speak.
A WORD of French.
WENT TO Paris.
AND THE first time.
HE HAD to get.
A HAIRCUT and shave.
HE PRACTICED an hour.
MAKING SIGNS.
IN THE looking glass.
SO THE French barber.
WOULD UNDERSTAND him.
AND THEN he went in.
AND WIGGLED his fingers.
THROUGH HIS hair.
AND STROKED his chin.
AND THE barber grinned.
AND FINISHED the job.
THEN MY friend thought.
HE'D BE polite.
SO HE gave the barber.
AN AMERICAN cigarette.
WHICH THE barber smoked.
AND MY friend pointed.
TO HIS mouth.
AND SAID "Likee voo."
AND THE barber roared.
AND SAID "You BET."
I USED to smoke 'em.
WHEN I worked.
IN INDIANAPOLIS.
AND BELIEVE me.
THEY SATISFY!"



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